Eitz. How fondly doſt thou ſpurre a forward horſe,
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe or liue,
I dare meete Surry in a Wilderneſſe,
And ſpit vpon him whilſt I ſay, he lyes,
And lyes, and lyes: there is my bond of fayth,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction:
As I intend to thriue in this new world,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale.
Beſides, I heard the baniſhed *Norffolke* ſay:
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke of *Calice*.
Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That Norfolke lyes, heere do I throw downe this,
If he may be repeald to try his honour?
Bull. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till Norffolke be repeald, repeald he ſhall be,
And though mine enemie, reſtor'd againe
To all his lands and ſignories: when he is return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will inforce his tryall.
Carl. That honorable day ſhall neuer be ſeene:
Many a time hath baniſht Norffolke fought
For Ieſus Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian field,
Streaming the Enſigne of the chriſtian Croſſe,
Againſt blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens,
And toyld with workes of Warre, retir'd himſelfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue
His body to a pleaſant countries earth,
And his pure ſoule vnto his captaine Chriſt,
Vnder whoſe colours he had fought ſo long.
Bul. Why Biſhop, is Norffolke dead?
Carl. As ſure as I liue, my Lord.
Bul. Sweet peace conduct his ſweet ſoule to the boſome
Of good old Abraham: Lords appeallants,
Your differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till we aſsigne you to your dayes of tryall.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee,

From

From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing ſoule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeeldes
To the poſſeſsion of thy royall hand:
Aſcend his Trone, deſcending now from him,
And long liue *Henrie*, fourth of that name.
Bull. In Gods name, Ile aſcend the Regall throne.
Carl. Mary God forbid.
Worſt in this royall preſence I may ſpeake:
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the trueth:
Would God any in this noble preſence,
Were enough noble to be vpright Iudge
Of noble Richard: Then true nobleneſſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a wrong.
What ſubiect can giue ſentence on his King?
And who ſits not here that is not Richards ſubiect?
Theeues are not iudged, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them:
And ſhall the figure of Gods Maieſtie,
His Captaine, ſteward, deputy, elect,
Annointed, crowned, planted many yeeres,
Be iudg'd by ſubiect and inferior breath,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh forfend it God,
That in a Chriſtian Climate ſoules refinde
Should ſhew ſo hainous blacke obſcene a deed.
I ſpeake to ſubiects, and a ſubiect ſpeakes,
Stird vp by God thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foule traitour to proud Herefords King,
And if you crowne him, let me propheſie,
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule act,
Peace ſhall goe ſleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this ſeate of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kinde with kinde confound:
Diſorder, horror, feare and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be cald,
The field of Golgotha and dead mens skuls.